or had I vowed perdition to your person,
am I not maried to you, tell me that?

Petru. I would I could not tell you.

Mari. Is my presence,
the stocke I come of, which is worshipfull,
if I should say right worshipfull, I lyed not
my grand sire was a Knight;

Petru. a'th' sheire

Mari A soldier
which none of all thy family ere heard off,
but one conducter of thy name, a grasier,
that runne away with pay; or am I growne
because I haue been a little peeuish to you
only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your presence.

Petru. If I endure this, hang me.

Mari. & two deaths heads
two Harry groates that had their faces worne,
almost their names too.

Petru. Now heare me,
for I will stay no longer.

Mari. This you shall,
how euer you shall thinke to flatter me
for this offence, which no submission
can euer mediate for; youl' find it so,
what euer ye shall doe by intercession,
what ye can offer, what your land can purchasse,
what all your freinds or families can win
shall be but this, not to forsweare your knowledge.

Petru. Thou art

Petru. Thou art y^e^ subtlest woman I thinke liuing
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and marke me,
were I but anie way addicted to the diuell,
I should now thinke I had met a play fellow
to profit by, and that way the most learned
that euer taught to murmur: tell me thou,
thou most poore, paultrie, spyghtfull whore, do you crye,
I'le make you ery roare before I leaue

Mari. Your pleasure.

Petru. Was it not sinne enough, thou fruiterer
full of the fall thou eatst, thou diuell's broaker,
thou seminarie of all sedition,
thou sword of vengiance, with a thred hung ore vs,
was it not sinne enough, and wickednesse
in full abondance, was it not vexation
at all points cap a pe, nay I shall pinch ye
thus like a rotten rascall, to abuse
the name of heauen, the tye of marriage,
the honor of thy freinds, the expectation
of all that thought thee vertuous, with rebellion,
childish and base rebellion, but continue
after forgiueneese too, and worse, your mischiefe,
and against him, setting the hope of heauen by,
& the deare reseruation of his Honor,
nothing aboue ground coo'd haue wonn to hate thee,
Well goe thy wayes.

Mari. Yes.

Petru. You shall heare me out first,
what punishment maist thou deserue, thoug thing
thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primrose
that two houres after art a weed, and wither'd

for this